THE PEOPLE'S A

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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Princip

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THE BOOT FULL OF SNOW.

Oh, the snow, the boot full o' snow,
Dear to the heart of the small fellow,
Who slides on his sled down the icy track,
A-lying as usual on his stomach
Riding,
Gliding,
Yelling along—
Shouting aloud to the laggard throng,
Seeing a female and going for her,
And tossing her up on the swift runner,
While she, coming down, observes a broad grin
On the vanishing face of the bad urchin.

Oh, the snow, the boot full o' snow!
Now for a sleigh and a young widow,
Or maid. It is certainly much more fun
Than to rumble along in an old wagon.
Prancing,
Dancing,
Glancing by—
'Tis good for the nerves—yea, verily.
She timidly yields both her hands to his,
And he shelters her carefully from the breeze:
And the buffalo covers them up to the chin
And he taketh toll at the gate—certin.

O, the snow, the boot full o' snow,
Heaping the streets and the calm meadow.
On the water pipe the frost king sits,
And the plumber goeth on his visits—
Loafing,
Dawdling,
Trying to sing.
With the susceptible cook sometimes flirting.
He eats and he drinks and he winks at her,
And solders the pipe with his gold solder.
And he makes enough, ere the day is done,
To buy him a new brownstone mansion.

Cultivate the Taste.

There can be no doubt about the ability of any man to cultivate his senses. Hunters learn to see with accuracy great distances, so do sailors; musicians bring the sense of hearing up to the finest degree of perfection. Blind men often become so proficient that they can tell the color of a garment by simply feeling of it, while men employed in the business of buying and selling great varieties of makes of butter learn not only to grade and tell the name of the maker of each lot, but in some instances they can tell almost to a day the exact age of each lot. This is very simply and efficiently done by cultivating the sense of taste. We once heard of an instance where a wine taster, a man who became very proficient in this art, being called in to pass judgment on a hogshead of wine, decided there was a slight, very slight, taste of iron to the wine. This was not believed by the owner of the wine until the cask was empty, when he found a small iron key in the bottom of it. We do not expect every butter-maker to reach this height of perfection in the art of tasting, but there is one thing he should do, and that is study the subject. To do this, let him taste all the fine butter he can get hold of, and not with the set notion in his head that his make is finer, but with an honest effort to find wherein this or that differs from his own make. Has it a stronger butter taste, or has it, as it probably has to him, a more insipid taste—a little too fine perhaps for his tobacco tongue. If so, he should get his wife to do the tasting. When you hear of a man taking a premium on his butter at a fair or dairy convention, ride over, if it is ten miles away, and examine his butter. Taste it over and over again until you catch its peculiarities. Take some home if you can get it for love or money, and talk it over with members of your family. Some of them will be able to point out correctly the essence of merit in it, and ten to one you will be able to catch the hang of the thing and be able to do it yourself.

In cultivating the taste for testing butter, one thing must be borne in mind. Do not choose as the best article that which is most liked by your own family. They may have their peculiar notions. What you want is to study the tastes of your customers and make your butter come up to their requirements, no matter what opinion you may have of their judgment on the subject. It is far easier to adapt yourself to them than to force customers to take your butter against their will. They will not do it.—*American Dairyman.*

Mr. Sankey on Church Choirs.

Mr. Sankey believes that the singing in churches should be led by a choir. That the choir should be at the same end of the church where the minister is, either behind him or beside him. The choir and minister are not independent performers—the one to preach and the other to sing. They unite in leading the worship of the congregation, and ought to be in harmony with each other. And in order to have harmony, the singers ought to be Christians. How can a man praise God acceptably when there is no love for God in his heart? A great deal of the proverbial trouble with church choirs grows out of the fact that the singers are not Christians. Mr. Sankey does not object to quartet choirs but he would have a large chorus choir around the quartet, to join it in certain parts. He liked solos and special pieces by trained singers, yet he would have only one or two such pieces during any one service, and would have at least two hymns in which the whole congregation could join. He says that the minister should join in the singing, and not be fumbling over his notes as if he had nothing to do with praising God. The minister should not only sing himself, but urge all to sing. Choirs ought to behave like ladies and gentlemen. They have no business to be whispering, or flirting, or reading newspapers while the minister is preaching. They ought to sing distinctly, so that the congregation can understand the words. The church is not an opera, to gratify a taste for artistic music. It should furnish the music that will please and edify the majority of the worshippers, and not merely a cultured and fastidious few. The children should be brought to the church and accustomed to take part in the singing. In Mr. Spurgeon's church the children all sit together and great pains are taken to train them in singing. Ministers ought to pray for a special blessing on the singing. It is a means of grace as well as the Scripture reading and the sermon. And, finally, the hymns and the sermon ought to be in harmony.

"Mr. Jones, how do they make writing paper?" "With *stationary* engines, my dear!" Immediately the whole family were *enveloped* in gloom, and Mrs. J.'s brow wore the *stamp* of indignation. Gum! Gum! we had an *inkling* of this long since. It all happened in *Penn* city, Pencil-vania.

All on The Last Round.

The peculiar conditions upon which a matrimonial affair was based in South Arkansas have just come to light. Dick Anderson had just graduated between the plow-handles. It was said that he could run a furrow so straight that it would break a knock-kneed man's legs to walk in it. This accomplishment was a kind of frontispiece to a future volume of great agricultural success, and more than one young lady in the neighborhood had her eye on the young catch. Dick wasn't bashful, but he didn't seem to be particularly impressed with the charms scattered around him like drops of water that linger on leafy trees after the rain. But he soon met his fate, a young lady, Winnie Hogrow. Winnie was a beautiful girl and could cover as much corn with a hoe, and scrape as much cotton as any man in the neighborhood. The couple loved—devotedly, agriculturally. Hogrow had raised his daughter with great care, and now that she had attained the zenith of her usefulness, it grieved him to think of losing her. One Sunday Dick went over, and, going out where the old man was shelling corn for the pigs, said:

"Mr. Hogrow, I suppose—

"I don't suppose anything, sir."

"Well, then, you doubtless know—"

"I don't know anything."

"That's all right then. I am going to marry your daughter, and by next corn-planting you will know something. Do you weaken, Mr. Hogrow?"

"See here, young fellow, I can't afford to lose my gal. I have had powerful bad luck this season. The cut-worms began at the corn by the time it come up, and the bugs pitched into the cotton; and, to make things worse, my best mule and one of my cows got into a fight the other day. The cow hooked the mule and the mule kicked the cow, and both of them died. So under the circumstances I'd rather you'd marry somebody else."

"I don't accept your misfortunes as excuses. I'm going to marry the girl."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Dick. I'll make this arrangement: We'll wrestle, and if you throw me the girl's your'n; if I throw you she's mine. If you marry her against my will, I shall pleasantly exterminate you. If you throw me and marry the girl, this farm, together with the girl is your'n. I'll give three trials—one today, one three weeks from now, and the other six weeks."

Dick was compelled to agree, although the old man was recognized as the best wrestler in the county. He had challenged everybody, and had thrown everyone who had accepted. After eating dinner the old man announced his willingness to take the first ballot. Dick was willing. The contestants, including the girl, went into the yard, the girl took the hats and the men grappled each other. The signal was given and Dick went over the old man's head and plowed a short furrow in the ground.

"Give me my hat," he said to the girl.

"Don't give it up," she remarked, hanging over the tile. "Go away and practice." Dick left, discouraged, but, taking the girl's advice, wrestled with steamboat men and farriers until the time for the next trial came. At the appointed time, Dick appeared at Hogrow's residence.

"Feel as though you can cut your capers putty well?" asked the old man.

"I think so. I feel that my cause is just, and, with the aid of kind Providence, I hope to pile you."

"Providence comes in putty handy at times," said the old man, pulling off his coat, "but its a hard matter to buck agin an old stager. Get outen yer jacket. If I fall, the gal and the farm are your'n. Four hundred acres, and all under fence. Gal weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. Big inducements." The two men grappled, and again Dick plowed up the earth.

"Don't give up," said the girl.

"No," said the old man, "for the land is under fence, and the gal weighs one hundred and fifty—can handle a hoe wonderful!"

Dick went away and pondered. It was evident that the old man could throw him every time. To lose the girl was to wreck his life. An idea struck him. He smiled. He left the neighborhood and remained until the time for the third fall was nearly up. On the appointed day he visited the old man.

"I have agreed to everything," said Dick, "and now I ask a favor. Hitherto I have been embarrassed. Let the final trial take place to-night in the dark. I will meet you here at 10 o'clock."

Any way suits me," replied the old man;

At 10 o'clock the old man stood in the yard, chuckling. His combatant climbed the fence and approached. Without exchanging a word the two men grappled. The struggle was short. The old man went up into the air, came down and struck the ground with a force that almost took his life. He lay for a moment almost unconscious. Dick raised him up and assisted him into the house.

"The gal and the farm are your'n," said the old man, and the young couple embraced each other. The next day they were married. Shortly after the ceremony was over, a large negro man appeard at the door, and, attracting Dick's attention, said: "I want my $10. I flung the ole man hard 'nough to kill him. Where's my money?" Dick gave him $10, and, turning around, received a searching look from the old man. "I'll explain," said the bridegroom. "Realizing that I couldn't throw you, and at the same time realizing that my happiness depended upon this marriage, I resorted to a bit of treachery." Here he stopped to buckle his arm around his wife. "I found a big negro that I knew could throw you, and offered him $10. That's why I wanted the wrestle to take place in the dark. After he had thrown you, I rushed forward and raised you up."

When Dick had finished, the old man looked at him for full five minutes, and remarked: "It was a mighty mean trick, but the farm and gal are your'n. Four hundred acres under fence, and the gal weighs one hundred and fifty."

The tallest trees in the world are in Australia. A fallen tree in Gippsland measured 435 feet from the root to the highest point of the branches. Another standing in the Dundelong District, in Victoria, is estimated to be 450 feet from the ground to the top.

A little child was asked, "Where do you live?" Turning to its mother, who stood near by, the little one said, "Where mother is, there is where I live."

How to Mind a Baby.

First, a man need have one to take care of. It isn't everyone that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to the neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend the baby. Sometimes she caresses him, but oftener she says, sternly: "John, take good care of the child till I return." You want to remonstrate, but cannot pluck up courage while that awful female's eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain, and merely remark: "Don't stay long, dear." She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub and sing an operatic air; it does not appreciate it, and yells the louder. You try to bribe it with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use, it spits it out. You get wrathy and shake it.

It stops a second, and you venture another, when, good heavens! it sets up such a roar that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on ends and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit! You try baby talk; but "litty, litty lamb" has no effect—for it stretches as if a red hot poker had been laid upon its spine, and still it yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give it your gold watch as a last resource just in time to save your whiskers; though it throws down a handful of your cherished moustache to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an earsplitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long-suffering child from your willing arms, and sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished moustache, and, muttering a malediction on babykind in general, and on the image of its father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby again—until the next time.

First Trousers.

Translated from the French of Gustave Droz for the *New York Mail:* The strongest desire of the boy is to become a man. Now, the first evidence of manhood, the first serious step made in life, is the wearing of trousers.

The first pair of trousers is an event desired by the father and dreaded by the mother. To the mother, it is the beginning of the end. She looks with moist eyes at the little petticoat forever abandoned, and says to herself: "I have lost my baby; my reign has ended; and, alas! how soon. He will have new tastes, new desires; he is no more mine, his individuality asserts itself, he is somebody, he is a boy."

The father, on the contrary, is charmed. He laughs in his sleeves as he looks at the slender calves which emerge from the trousers. He feels the little body so clearly outlined under the new garments, and says to himself: "How well he is formed, the jolly little dog—he will have my broad shoulders and sturdy legs—how strongly he stands!" He would like to see him in boots, and it would not take much to make him buy a pair of spurs. For the first time he sees himself reflected in his little boy. He looks at him as at a picture hung in a new light, and for the first time, too, he finds it excessively agreeable to call him "my son."

As for the baby himself, he is intoxicated, glorious, triumphant, but all the same a little embarrassed by his arms and legs, and, if we might hint it without offense, very like a young goose which has been plucked, at the approach of warm weather.

The greatest annoyance of the poor little man is his past. How many grown men have been annoyed in the same manner! He feels deeply that trousers involve obligations—that he must take on new ways, new gestures; if possible, a new tone of voice. He even begins to ape the ways of his father, who, perceiving it, is not one whit displeased. He essays masculine gestures, and this struggle between his latent babyhood and his would-be manhood gives him the most comical air in the world. His petticoat follows him persistently, and almost enrages him.

Dear little trousers, I love you, for you are faithful friends, and we meet you at every turn in life, with all your gentle following. Are you not the reflection of each new promise which tickles our vanity?

You, young officer, who look at your incipient moustache in your mirror, as you don for the first time epaulette and spur; what feeling moves you as you hear your sword click at your side? Belted, booted and brushed, elbows well back, your *kepi* over the ear, you walk through the street; can you resist looking into the dark windows as you pass? A reminiscence of your first trousers, is it not?

You will find them again, these first trousers, when you are made captain, and receive a decoration. Again, later, when a gray-moustached old soldier, you will take a little wife to rejuvenate you. Again you will put them on, but this time the little wife will help you to wear them.

My friend, the day when you will have nothing more to do with them, you will be,

To the dust low, low lying,

for all man's life is embodied in this garment. Life holds but little else for a man but to put on his first trousers, take them off, and die while looking at them.

Is it true, I wonder, that the greater part of our joys have no more serious cause than the joys of childhood? Are we so silly? Yes, my friends, we are silly enough to think we are wise. We never quite get rid of our baby clothes; some little rag always stays by us. A trifle of babyhood remains with us all, or, to phrase it better, we are but babies grown big.

And you, prettiest of women, does not each new season bring its joys with its new costumes? Do not say these joys are but secondary, for their influence is powerful upon both your temper and character. Would it be rude to ask why last Sunday's sermon was so logical, persuasive, elegant? Why your blue eyes were filled with tears as you came out of church, and why you were impelled to kiss your husband as soon as you reached home? You know as well as I madam, that upon that day that charming little old-gold bonnet, (which is charming I admit, and makes you twice as pretty as usual) was worn for the first time.

These are the things that cannot be explained; childish if you will, but a sort of childishness of which one cannot rid himself.

I will give you an instance. When returning the other day from hearing one of our most eloquent divines, a pulpit-luminary, your emotions were absolutely different. A general discontent pervaded your being, doubts assailed you, nervous irritability seized you at each phrase of the preacher, your mind was not in a heavenly frame, and you came out of the church with hot head and cold feet, forgetting yourself so far as to say, as you stepped into your carriage, that "the reverend gentleman lacked sense." And the coachman heard you say it. And to crown all, as you entered your house, your drawing-room seemed too narrow and your husband too wide.

Do you wish to know the reason of these successive annoyances? If you think well you will remember that it was upon that day that you wore for the first time that odious little purple bonnet, which was so frightfully unbecoming. First trousers, dear lady.

Let me give you one more instance. Look at your husband; yesterday he was sullen, displeased with his breakfast; and behold, in the evening in he came, joyous, happy, with smiling lips and kindness in his eyes. He kissed you with ardor; with an easy gesture threw down his bundle of papers, and at dinner found his soup delicious, and all things to his taste. You wondered what had happened.

I will explain.

Your husband had made his first speech since his election. It was a heated discussion, and his words, the right words, meeting the approbation of his party.

This is not much, you may think, yet he has looked forward to this for many months, and once more puts on his first trousers.

Let the cause be grave or gay, if it makes the heart beat more quickly, or gives an hour's happiness, is it not worth while? Whether to win a great victory or put on a new bonnet, what matter if the bonnet gives as much joy as the laurel wreath?

So do not make too much fun of baby, if he is a little intoxicated with the joy of his new trousers. If, when wearing them, he finds his shadow taller, and the trees shorter, he is only learning to be a man, nothing more.

From what varied sources man has chosen his playthings, his objects of vanity, since this world began! In one generation, vain of his nose, in another of his wig, later of his appetite or his weight. One is proud of his wife, another of his indolence, one of his wit, another of his stupidity, of the beard upon his chin, the cravat about his neck, or the hump upon his back.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these, dating about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testament, the Talmud and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhist contain sublime morals, and pure aspirations, and their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "Kings" meaning web of cloth. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced farther back than eleven hundred years before Christ. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos; and they are believed to date not beyond eleven hundred years before Christ. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the greatest of the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen hundred years before Christ; therefore that portion of our Bible is at least three hundred years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

Free and Easy Manners.

When girls assume a swaggering manner upon the street, use coarse expressions, and greet each other with a rough "Hello!" they cannot expect much deference from their male friends. A lady's manner always controls that of a gentleman; and if she does not respect herself he will not respect her. When boys and girls, young men and maidens, are allowed to fall into the absurdities of low, foolish, meaningless talk, it seems to dwarf them intellectually; they can find nothing of interest or importance to say, and therefore make up for sense by filling every sentence with needless exclamations, exaggerations, or misused adjectives. It requires much patience to be compelled to listen to half a dozen folks and hear the strange inappropriate use of language. They will assure each other that it is "awful" warm, or the concert "awful" nice; the sermon "horrid" dull; a young lady is "awful pretty," but her dress "horrid ugly;" the teacher "horrid strict;" such a young gentleman who called had an "awful swell" team of fast horses. If young people could hear themselves as others hear them, it might result in their reformation.

A French chemist asserts that he has concocted a substance by means of which tenants in Ireland, or elsewhere, who will not pay their rents, may be evicted without difficulty, and with no expense attendant on legal proceedings. The mixture is in the form of a powder; a small quantity of it, sprinkled before sunrise on parts of the land adjacent to the tenant's dwelling, will render it absolutely impossible for any human being to remain within half a mile of the spot where the sprinkling has taken place for at least seven days, when the process should, if necessary, be repeated. The effect of the powder is to produce violent nausea and other feelings of so uncomfortable a kind as to be quite unbearable. It is, however, not dangerous to life, and produces no injurious effect on cattle.

NEWPORT SOCIETY.

BY AROUS.

The town of Newport is one of the most beautiful cities on the Atlantic coast and by far the most fashionable. And the colored people, true to the pecularities of pure Americanism, take on their share of the fashion which pervades the place. The ladies are generally high-toned and in many instances highly educated and they are not unlike other high-toned folks—they have their petty jealosies and bitter and prolonged social antagonisms. These ladies are sometimes styled "parlor ladies" because they do not take in sewing and the like, and these "parlor ladies", in their turn are said to look down on those who do work and ignore their claims to social recognition. Now I do not mean to say that these reports are true, but if they are, I have reason to question the sufficiency of the basis upon which our cultured ladies are rearing their new superstructure of caste. I say this, because I learn that, while refined ladies, who are forced to sew for a living, are uniformly ignored, the men, whatever may be their occupation, provided they can sport in fine clothes, dance and spend money are admitted carte-blanche. But just here it may be well to remark that Washington is not entirely free from Newport practices. If we are not a school teacher or a Government "pauper" we do not find that entre to society to which we may be fairly entitled. But I am in Newport and not Washington. The Union Congregational Church of Newport is the most fashionable in that town, but, while the pastor, Rev. Van Horne, is a most cultured man, it seems that the method of worship is fought with many of the improprieties which are found in most colored churches. For instance the practice of reading notices and taking up collection after preaching instead of before it, is indulged in that church. There is, however, a most gratifying absence, (that is to say if anything that does not exist can be gratifying), of moaning and howling and prancing, among the members and congregation. And in this respect Newport has the "bilge" on Washington, for even in the Plymouth Congregational Church here, we find a most distressing hankering after plantation melodies with their accompanying gyrations &c. When I say even the Congregation Church, I do not mean to say that the church takes the lead in religious refinements, (if I may use the term,) but only that the churches so denominated are somewhat new among us and that the standards of decorum are about as good as any that I know of. The Newport Congregational Church has grown wonderfully, in members since Mr. Van Horne has had charge the church amounting to but a hand ful when he first took hold of the work. It might be amusing if I should draw comparisons between the social and religious pecularities of the two cities and would undoubtedly develop the important discovery that its the "pot calling the kettle black."

THAT OHIO SET-BACK.

BY LE DUKE

Just about nine days before the climax in Ohio a feeling of certainty as to republican success, possessed the jubilant souls of many an anxious office holder and more anxious office-seeker. There was not a scintilla of doubt that the republicans would roll up another Todd majority for how else could it be, when the decree had gone forth that, "Ohio must be carried!" The politicians had said it and of course there was

carry it.
countable
mind me of the
Horse Chaise," the
and to-day the politician is gathering himself together, by sections (for he has been wonderfully broken up) and wondering at the marvelous effects of political lightening. And indeed the politicians are fortunate to have gotten off so well; for if it had not been for the immense quanity of electricity accompanying the shock it is doubtful it there would have been sufficient force of attraction to readjust the scattered sections. They are beginning to come out now with explanations why Ohio was not carried. Some say rum did it, others say it was wool and one of the great lights attributes it to the powerful effect of spiritualism. There may be some reason to suppose that rum did a great deal toward it and spiritualism a little something in the same direction, but there is no queston as to the effect which "wool" had upon the result in Ohio. And it was not the kind of wool upon which there is a premium just now. The colored people did it or helped immensely to do it. It is estimated that at least 5,000 colored voters left the grand old party and "went over on the other side." They entertained the vague notion that the republican party was beginning to let them slip and they just thought they would slip without any special letting. If the 5000 colored voters had not voted for Hoadley, Foreaker would have been elected by a small majority. I mention this only as a hint to our party friends. They must take care of their friends, not by offering them promise—cakes and "taffy" but by extending the hand of fellowship and seeing to it that there is something substantial in that hand. Colored people are, notwithstanding the presumptions to the contiary, just like white people, at least in a political way. They don't make "leaves and fishes" the only basis of their conduct but should circumstances place those very enviable articles in possession of the party they don't mind accepting some of them. Now I do not mean to justify those who voted for the democratic candidate in Ohio, indeed I regard their conduct highly reprehensible but my regards won't help the facts any and if the party does not do something for these voters, they may find, when it is too late, that they have not done much to remove those facts. Let the party look to its various elements and see to it that justice is done. In my next I shall speak of the Supreme Court decision on the Civil Rights Acts.

Animals and Time.

It seems evident that some animals at least know when Sunday comes. A friend of mine has a dog who always runs with the wagon. On week days the wagon turns to the right from the gate and goes down to the factory. On Sunday it turns to the left, and goes to church. The dog runs ahead; on Sunday he turns to the left, and no intimation is given. Six days the sagacious animal runs on in advance to the factory. Even the horse understands the day as well as the way to church. No one that has passed a week day in Venice will have failed to see the pigeons fed at the hour of noon. More than one hundred of these little birds have come at noon for their food. They never mistake the hour. When the bell of St. Mark's begins to clang out the hour of noon, not a bird can be seen; before the bell ceases the air will be black, and doves by the hundred fly to the window. On Sunday no grain is given. The old bell jars out twelve o'clock, but a pigeon is not near. They can count—they know when Sunday comes.

Carrots for Animals.

The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. When analyzed it gives but little more solid matter than any other root, 85 per cent. being water; but its influence in the stomach on other articles of food is most favorable, contributing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. This result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called *pectine*, which operates to coagulate or gelatine vegetable solutions, and favor this digestion in all cattle. Horses are especially benefited by the use of carrots, and they could be fed frequently with their other food. This section of the West produces, when thoroughly cultivated, bountiful crops of carrots. So, too, does most all sections of the western country, and can be raised at a trivial expense. The land upon which carrots are to be cultivated should be mellow, and be plowed deeper than usual.

IF.

If skies were bluer,
And fogs were fewer,
And fewer the storms on land and sea:
Were shiny summers
Perpetual comers—
What a Utopia this would be!

If Life were longer,
And Faith were stronger,
If Pleasure would bide—if Care would flee—
If each were brother
To all the other—
What an Arcadia this would be!

Were Greed abolished,
And Gain demolished,
Were Slavery chained, and Freedom free;
If all earth's troubles
Collapsed like bubbles—
What an Elysium this would be!

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THE CIVIL RIGHTS DECISION.

EIGHT years have passed away and the deprivation of equal civil rights in the majority of the states of the Union, at least so far as common carriers are concerned, is the exception, not the rule. Repeated and persistent violations in remote States, have furnished the occasion of appeals to the federal courts, and after judges in these jurisdictions, —availing themselves of the ebb of public sentiment on the rights of the new citizen, and the shifting of the main political issues which divide National parties from those questions growing out of the reconstruction period to those mainly economical in their nature—have boldly denied the constitutionality of these laws, the Supreme Court now decides that the Civil Rights bill is unconstitutional and void in its prohibitory features, save in those places where the United States has exclusive jurisdiction, as in the Territories an dthe District of Columbia.

Such a decision is but in the line of the recent ones in the same Court growing out of the Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia cases.

There is no doubt that such a decision will have its moral effect. It will hinder and delay, but for a time only, the full and free enjoyment of all citizens of their Civil Rights in the localities where they are now refused on account of color.

Revolutions do not go backward, and where the American of African descent has been accorded his civil rights, whether by the force of some local decision or favoring sentiment, there will be no denial of these rights because of this decision just rendered. In other localities the fight for equal civil rights will be continued. The Nation having failed the States will be appealed to, and not in vain.

The growth and development of the Negro, in education, in moral power, in the accumulation of wealth, in perception of his increasing importance as a polltical factor, in ability to more skilfully employ this force for self-protection, will win where, under other circumstances and before the fulness of the time, he has failed.

The Supreme Court has not the power to stay the march of progress any more now than it did when the Dred Scott decision was rendered. That was an anachronism. So is this.

Six years ago such an interpretation would have delayed for a generation the good work; but now the cause has so advanced in such a large section of the country that the onward current can no longer be stayed.

That the act has been pronounced unconstitutional is so much the worse for the Constitution, and for those who cannot interpret it, as Justice Harlan, in the light of the events of the last twenty years.

IN its recent decision the Court decided that they "do not undertake to decide what Congress might or might not do under the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, the law not being drawn with any such view." That being the case, Congressman O'Hara, who is a lawyer, has an excellent opportunity to introduce such a bill as will cover the objections urged against the present law and still prevent citizens from distant states being subjected to outrage while on common carriers.

Lincoln's Homely Phrases.

In his letter declining an invitation to attend the Illinois Republican Convention in 1863, Lincoln made use of two or three striking figures. Reviewing the military events of the past year, which had been favorable to the cause of the Union, he said: "The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea." ...ope of the referring to the fact ... ...ction District. Unionists and ex-sla... was a candidate for the thing to help on ... "On the spot" ...national nomination at the hands dotted dor... of the republicans of his State, although wa... there was not a ghost of a chance of election. He thought he had a mortgage on the votes of all the colored subordinates of his office. To his surprise they refused to advocate his claims, but gave their support to another who in their opinion was better entitled to the honor. This excited Swope's ire, and he vowed revenge. The other week he most unceremoniously dismissed four of these employes from service, not only without intimating any dereliction of dnty on their part, but even while sarcastically acknowledging the fact of their faithful service. The men so dismissed are Messrs. Henry Scroggins, Edward Scroggins, J. C. and W. M. Jackson, colored men, all of whom are connected with the *Kentucky Republican*, and those by whom they are displaced are white men. We not only make the point that such dismissal is against the spirit, if not the letter, of the Civil-Service Act, but we call upon these gentlemen to make this a test case, by demanding an investigation. Let it be determined once for all whether Collector Swope has the right thus to nullify an act of Congress.

IF we mistake not, the recent Civil Rights decision will make a silent revolution in National politics, as far as the colored people are concerned. Hitherto they have supported the Republican party, mainly because it gave them citizenship and enacted laws looking to protection in the rights and privileges appertaining to citizenship. When these are withheld and the legislation of the Republican party is declarad by a republican court to be unconstitutional, and therefore ineffective, at least one and the main inducement for the support of this party will be taken away. If it receive their support in the future, it will be upon other and higher grounds.

The stale appeals on the score of gratitude will no longer be tolerated. We will be appealed to just as other citizens, and in no other manner. To receive our support it must be made apparent that it is equally to our interest as that of other citizens to give our adherence to the Republican party of the future.

THE *American* referring to the existence of separate tables for the white and colored teachers at the Hampton Normal School, expressed surprise that there is race proscription there. We believe it was THE ADVOCATE that made the discovery six years ago, and exposed many of the practices then prevailing. Of course this incurred the opposition of Genl. Armstrong, who is reported to have publicly denounced the editor of this paper as opposed to education; but criticism continued until many of the practices then complained of were discontinued. It may be a matter of supreme indifference to Genl. Armstrong, what colored editors think; but he will find that it will require more ingenuity and ability than he possesses to explain this practice which is opposed to the broad humanitarian principles of which Hampton is supposed to be a living example.

THE Quarterly Report of the Bureau of Statistics for the three months ended June 30, 1883, shows articles free of duty were imported to the amount of $48,033,694 as against $54,408,051 the same period last year; articles paying duty $130,039,190 against $142,992,794 last year; making a total value of $178,072,884 as against $197,400,845 lart year.

The exports during the same period amounted to $167,840,268 against $153,625,416 last year.

JUSTICE HARLAN has alone of all the Justices of the Supreme Court shown a willingness to let no technicalities of constitutional interpretation, developed in a long political struggle to subvert the National authority to that of the States, stand in the way of the equal Civil Rights of all citizens.

As the *Tribune* said years ago, after his memorable campaign for Governor of Kentucky, "Honor to Harlan."

The Literary Enterprise is the name of a new monthly published in New York City, devoted to literature and music.

Revolution Tem...

...alistic enter... House. New goods, ...kind conducted by men of ... of using tempera... ... Class P... race, and as it proposes the incorporation of several novel features as unique, as enterprising there is no reason why this project should not meet with success. The subscription price is $1.00 per year, single copies ten cents. Office, No. 156 6th Ave.

"TEN years among the Senators" proved a very entertaining lecture by Hon. J. R. French at the Congregational Church Friday evening of last week. It consisted mainly of graphic pen portraits of some the most distinguished Senators of the decade 71 to 81. We say some, because the lecturer failed, without giving any reason why, to allude to such Senators as Morton or Sherman, while elaborate notices were given of others whose characteristics were of personal rather of public interest. The lecture was well written, well read and frequently interupted by applause.

BETHEL LITERARY.

"The Negro as a lawyer" was the theme of discussion last Tuesday night. Wm. H. Richards read the paper. The discussion was participated in by Mr. C. D. Johnson, Mrs. M. A. S. Cary and Messers J. W. Cromwell, R. J. Smith, E. J. Waring, A. St. A. Smith, G. M. Arnold and G. H. Richardson. Mr. Layton and Mrs. Tyree sang a duett. Mr. Richardson reads a paper next week on the Civil Rights decision.

BLESS Bob Ingersoll! He is always true on anything involving the rights of the humblest human being. Commend us always to such a gospel as believes in the brotherhood of man. The spirit of caste in the American people is doing more to cause distrust and disbelief in American religion than all other causes combined.

From Nebraska.

MR. EDITOR:—This is a banner State for old soldiers. The Reunion which was attended by between forty and fifty thousand people, was a grand thing in every way except financially. The Hastings people find themselves short of about five thousand dollars, although they thought fifteen or twenty thousand dollars would be ample. It was larger than any former gathering that we have ever had. One might suppose that these re-unions coming annually would begin to lag, as the old soldiers are growing old; but not so yet. It is certainly astonishing. The s v's and d v's seem to feel as proud as the old veteran fathers and mothers. There were also, forty brass bands in attendance, which discoursed some splendid music. But the old soldiers are beginning to look wrinkled and care-worn, and they are fast passing away from Earth. We are now blessed with a colored family in our city, although I did not know it until a couple of days ago. I had been away under medical treatment all summer, and one of our young gentlemen, taking advantage of my absence, went away and was married sometime in July, but I knew nothing about it until I called on him a few evenings ago on official business. Finding him away from his batchelor room, I queried as to his where abouts, and on inquiring at one of the neighbors found that he had been keeping house two months. This frightened me a little, but I ventured on and fonnd my friend comfortably housed and happy with his bride—a widow lady, and her grown daughter. Of course I made the best of the situation, and of course no business was transacted, as, at the outset, I failed to state the object of the meeting; but this is an indication of progress, for we are advancing.

I have just returned from a trip on horseback to Lincoln, as it being a railroad centre, is growing rapidly. The number of colored people have increased immensly, but there is no visible progress in any direction. Socially, they are far behind the people of Nebraska City and Omaha. There are more old batchelors to the square inch than in all of the other, and it is extremely difficult for a stranger to be entertained. Aside from barbers, there is onebrck-mason, which completes the list of tradesmen, except hod-carriers. There are no stores, restaurants, hotels or boarding-houses kept by colored people, nor is the millinery business represented. The Methodist and Baptist churches are represented, the former having been there more than ten years, and they have a small church building upon a lot voted to them by the Legislature ten or eleven years ago. Their ministers are generally noisy but weak, and the leaders generally, though ambitious, have but little correct education.

As the increase has been great from the south within the past few years, a Baptist church has been organized; but as to its influence I was not able to determine. You will see, doubtless, that correctly educated ministers and teachers are needed. This is all the more noticeable, when we see that the young people are very indifferent toward the moral teaching, and are poorly reached. In the face of these things I became somewhat dejected, and not having the time, I did not attempt to inquire into school matters. Of course our schools are mixed, and a few years ago when I visited Lincoln, the colored children were doing as well as the whites in every respect. They are timid, and just as soon as they are assured that there is no necessity of being so, and that they are just as important as any other body, they learn readily, and improve greatly, but they are not kept in school regularly, and this is done, doubtless, because their parents fail to understand the great value of education.

ISAAC B. BURTON.

THE DECISION.

The five cases commonly known as civil rights cases, were submitted to the court on printed arguments about a year ago. The titles of these cases and the States from which they come are as follows: No. 1, the United States against Murray Stanley, from the U. S. Circuit Court for the district of Kansas; No. 2, the United States against Michael Ryan, from the U. S. Circuit Court for the district of California; No. 3, the United States against Saml. Nichols, from the U. S. Circuit Court for the western district of Missouri; No. 26, the United States against Saml. D. Singleton, from the U. S. Circuit Court for the southern district of New York; No. 28, Richard A. Robinson and wife against the Memphis and Charleston Railroad Company from the U. S. Circuit Court for the district of Tennessee.

The cases were all based on the first and second sections of the Civil Rights Act of 1875, and were respectively prosecutions under that act for not admitting certain colored persons to equal accomodations and privileges in inns or hotels, in railroad cars and in theatres. The defense set up in every case, was the alleged unconstitutionality of the law. The first and second sections of the act, which were the parts directly in controversy, are as follows:

"Section 1. That all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres and other places of public amusement, subjected only to the conditions and limitations established by law, and applicable alike to citizens of every race and color, regardless of any provious condition of servitude."

The second section provides that any person who violates the first section shall be liable to forfeit $500 for each offence, to be recovered in a civil action, and also a penalty of from $500 to $1,000 fine, or imprisonment form 30 days to a year, to be enforced in a criminal prosecution. Exclusive jurisdiction is given to the district and curcuit courts of the United States in cases arising under the law.

The rights and privileges claimed by and denied to the colored persons in these cases, were, full and equal accommodations in hotels, in ladies' cars on railway trains, and in the dress circle in theatres.

The Court in a long and carefully prepared opinion by Justice Bradley, holds:

First. That Congress had no constitutional authority to pass the sections in question under either the thirteenth or fourteenth amendment of the constitution.

Second. That the fourteenth amendment is prohibitory upon the States only, and that the legislation authorized to be adopted by Congress for enforcing that amendment is not direct legislation on the matters respecting which the States are prohibited from making or enforcing certain laws or doing certain acts, but is corrective legislation necessary or proper for counteracting and redressing the effect of such laws or acts; that in forbidding the States, for example, to deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, and and giving Congress to enforce the prohibition, it was not intended to give Congress power to provide due process of law for the protection of life, liberty and property, (which would embrace almost all subject of legislation,) but to provide modes of redress for counteracting the operation and effect of State lows obnoxious to the prohibition.

Third. That the thirteenth amendment gave no power to Congress to pass the sections referred to, because that amendment relates to slavery and involuntary servitude, which it abolishes, and gives Congress power to pass laws for its enforcement; that this power only extends to the subject-matter of the amendment itself, namely, slavery and involuntary servitude, and the necessary incidents and consequences of those conditions; that it has nothing to do with different races or colors, but only refers to slavery—the legal equality of different races and classes of citizens being provided for in the fourteenth amendment, which prohibits the States from doing anything to interfere with such equality; that it is no infringement of the thirteenth amendment to refuse any person the equal accomodations and privileges of an inn or a place of public entertainment, however it may be violative of his equal rights; that it imposes upon him no badge of slavery or involuntary servitude which imply some sort of subjection of one person to another, and the incapacity incident thereto, such as inability to hold property, to make contracts, to be parties in court, &c.; and that if the original civil rights act, which abolished these incapacities, might be supported by the thirteenth amendment, it does not therefore follow that the act of 1875 can be supported by it.

Fourth. That this decision affects only the validity of the law in the States, and not in the Territories or the District of Columbia, where the legislative power of Congress is unlimited; and it does not undertake to decide what Congress might or might not do under the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and amongst the several States, the law not being drawn with any such view.

Fifth. That, therefore, it is the opinion of the court that the first and second sections of the act of Congress of March 1, 1885, entitled "An act to protect all citizens in their civil and legal rights," are unconstitutional and void, and judgment should be rendered upon indictments accordingly.

At the conclusion of the reading of Justice Bradley's opinion, which occupied more than an hour, Justice Harlan said that under ordinary circumstances, and in an ordinary case, he should hesitate to set up his individual opinion in opposition to that of his eight colleagues, but in view of what he thought the people of this country wished to accomplish, what they tried to accomplish, and what they believed they had accomplished by means of this legislation, he must express his dissent from the opinion of the Court. He had not had time since hearing that opinion to prepare a statement of the grounds of his dissent, but he should prepare and file one as soon as possible, and in the meantime desired o put upon record this expression of his individual judgment.

A Nut for Our Trustees to Crack.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me to ask you a few questions through your valuable columns, which concern the interest and the future educational welfare of our young people. Do not the colored public schools of the District of Columbia, from their high educational standing require the best qualified persons to teach them, as do the white schools? If so, is the examination a test of fitness? Then if yes, why is it that our colored trustees should allow, or stand with closed lips and let incompetent persons be put upon the people of the District of Columbia, as teachers, persons who fail in their examinations, and stand way below the line, to the exclusion of those who are competent to teach? If this principle will continue to be practiced, we hope another trustee will soon resign and make room for some one who will not thrust upon colored schools such as they that are not willing to accept in the white schools. We have just as competent young ladies and gentlemen among us as our white friends, and our interest should be looked after in the same manner. Our colored trustees are professional gentlemen of learning and high standing, and the equal of any on the board, and should we not call on them (our trustees) to look into this grave question and see how many incompetent teachers (those who failed in their examination) there are. If this is justice to our interest, then answer in the affirmative, if not in the negative.

BONA FIDE.

The Christian Mother.

There she sits, old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her arm chair, with their griefs, and joys, and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some she brought up are in a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the wide world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace, and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates lift and let in the worn out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete!

Remedy for Corns.

1. Bathe the corn with strong borax water; then shave it closely, but be careful not to make it bleed. Place over the corn a white felt corn-plaster, and wear it constantly until the corn has disappeared. Every night and morning wet the small cavity over the corn (and in the plaster) with a little borax water, or, if preferable, the pulp of a lemon, The corn plaster can be procured at any druggist's. 2. Keep the feet clean by frequent ablutions with warm water, and wear easy, soft boots or shoes. Without the latter precaution, corns will generally return even after they appear to have been perfectly removed. 3. After soaking the feet in warm water for a few minutes, pare the corns as close as possible with a sharp knife, taking care not to make them bleed. Place upon the part affected a small, circular piece of leather or buckskin, spread with some emollient plaster, and having a hole in the center corresponding to the size of the corn. They may now be touched with nitric acid, by means of a small glass rod or wood toothpick, be caring taken not to allow the liquid to come in contact with the neighboring parts. Repeat this process daily until the offender is sufficiently softened to admit the removal.

There is some doubt about the truth of the following: "When a scandal is circulated about you falsely, it is like daubing your coat with fullers' earth, for when it is rubbed off the coat is all the cleaner for it." Scandal generally leaves a stain.

The Human Ear.

Imagine two harps in a room, with the same number of strings, and each string perfectly attuned to a corresponding string in the other. Touch a string in one, and the corresponding string in the other will give out the same sound. Try another string, and its corresponding tone will be sounded. So with all the strings. So with any combination of the strings.

It would not matter how you played the one harp, the other would respond. No doubt the response would be weaker. That is what one would expect; but the response as regards pitch and quality, would be almost perfect. Now substitute for one harp a human ear, and the conditions would according to theory, be the same, except that the responsive mechanism of the ear is much smaller than that of the responsive harp. In the ear there are minute chords, rods, or something, in such a state of tension as to be tuned to tones of various pitch; sound a tone, its corresponding rod or chord in the ear will respond, perhaps feebly, but still with energy sufficient to excite the nerve filament connected with it; the result is a nervous current to the brain, and a sensation of a tone of a particular pitch.

Calling Names.

A habit much to be deplored among many of our teachers is that of calling the children names. That the children are Irish, colored, or low-born Americans, is no excuse for calling them anything but human beings. No child that has common sense will have any respect for his teacher if he calls him what he knows he is not. Only a few months ago our wash-woman, a nice, thrifty Irish woman, told us that her children's teacher "called them names" and they did not like it. To tell a child he is as "dumb as a door-nail," that he "never will know anything," isn't very likely to stimulate his energy, increase his interest in knowledge or in his teacher either. If a teacher has a lot of dull scholars, let him use all the tact and patience at his command, and if he sees no good results follow, then let him not resort to abusive language or turn prophet, for somebody may come after him who has a gift for making things plain, and, instead of "never knowing anything" those stupid scholars may yet know much. Let it be far beneath the dignity of any teacher to "call names" or use slang. —*Exchange.*

How to Dress Poultry.

It is to the interest of every farmer who has poultry to sell to know how the same should be dressed for market. Birds that are prepared in proper fashion always command a better price than those which are carelessly dressed. We copy the following instructions sent out by a New York commission house: "Do not feed for at least ½ hours before killing. Open the veins of the neck and bleed freely—this is the best mode of killing. Scald enough to make the feathers come off easily, picking both feathers and pin-feathers off nicely. Be careful not to bruise or break the skin in any way, because it injures their sale. Immediately after they are dressed, dip in boiling hot water, letting them remain in about ten seconds; then dip in ice-cold water, allowing them to remain in the same length of time, and then hang in a cool place where they will become dry and stiff. If they are to be shipped any distance, the entrails should be left in, and the head and feet should not be cut off."

Vinegar.

A method employed in France, which converts cider or other liquid into vinegar much more expeditiously than do ordinary practices, prefaces the process with preparing the barrels or casks by first scalding with water and next pouring into them boiling vinegar, rolling the barrels and allowing them to stand on their sides two or three days, until they become thoroughly saturated with the vinegar. This preparation over, the barrels are filled about one-third full with strong, pure cider vinegar and two gallons of cider. Every eight days thereafter two gallons of cider are added until the barrel is two-thirds full. In 14 days after the last 2 gallons are added the whole will have been converted into vinegar, one-half of which is now drawn off and the process of filling with cider begun again. In summer the barrels during the process of conversion are exposed to the rays of the sun, and in cold weather are stored where a uniform temperature of about 80° can be maintained.

A FIRST RATE PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin in half, put it in a dripping pan, skin side up (after seeds are removed,) in a slow oven; bake until all the good can be scraped from the rind with a spoon; if it is as brown as nicely baked bread, all the better; mash finely, and to one quart add one quarter of a pound of butter while hot; when cool, sweeten to taste; one pint of milk or cream (if cream be used, three eggs are sufficient; if milk, four will be better,) beat them separately, stir in yolks, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, a wine-glass of wine or brandy; lastly, add the whites of the eggs, stirring but little after they are added to the mixture; bake in a quick oven.

Anthracite coal appears to be running a difficult course in England in the efforts for its introduction, as a common article of fuel. One authority remarks: "Before this coal can be introduced into general use our servants must be instructed in the art of setting it on fire and keeping it burning." An enthusiast proposes to import two Welsh maids into London for the purpose of communicating the secret of the use of anthracite to their sisters in service. "Anthracite coal may be made to burn," says another student of the subject, "but only in stoves which are furnished with fire-clay sides and backs, and even then it must be first reduced to nuggets about the size of a hen's egg." If, as seems more than probable, the servants should strike against the adoption of the material, another reformer suggests that all the coal should be sent at first to the gas works to be deprived of its smoke-producing elements. As there are in London nearly 600,000 houses, the number of gas furnaces, if this proposition should ever be carried into effect, would have to be materially increased. The whole discussion will impress Americans amusingly, yet the English experience is only that which we have ourselves gone through.

On the slopes of Amethyst Mountain, in the Yellowstone Park, are exposed at different levels a large number of silicified trees, many being rooted in the position in which they grew, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Some lying down of immense size. The series of sandstone conglomerates in which the trees are imbedded is more than five thousand feet thick, forming a vertical mile of fossil forests. The woody structure is well preserved. Where cavities have been formed by the wood they are filled with crystals of amethyst and quartz.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Advertisements, send for rates.

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H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M Sts., N. W.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton ..... H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—D. Warner who has been visiting friends in New York, has returned.

—Saml. Mathews, brother to W. E., was in our city this week.

—Frank and Johnnie Hyman have returned to the city well pleased with their western trip.

—H. E. Baker is again in from the West and Southwest.

—See advertisement of the Thanksgiving supper at Berean Church.

—Mr. H. E. Barnett and his bride, after spending many pleasant days in our midst have returned to their home in Warrenton.

—Mrs. Jane Brown *nee* Eato, for many years a teacher in New York, and sister of Miss Mary Eato, the successful assistant of Prof. Chas. L. Reason, has taken the place of Prof. Ensley at Howard University.

—T. Thos. Fortune, editor of the *Globe*, after a week's sojourn returned to New York early Wednesday morning. He attended the Langston dinner Tuesday night.

—E. V. C. Eato, well known in the city of New York, especially in Sunday School circles as an indefatigable worker, spent last Sunday in our city. In the morning he addressed Union Bethel Sunday School, at night he returned to New York.

—The business relations between Messers. Banks and Richardson have been dissolved, but the busines is still carried on at the same place by Mr. G. E. Banks, under National Theatre where he will be pleased to see any of his former patrons and to meet the public generally.

—Persons wishing furnished rooms, permanently or otherwise, with or without board, can obtain the same by applying to Mrs. A. M. Gray, 1412 17th St. N. W.
Reference given and required.
Oct. 20 3t.

—The memorial Services of Rev. Cato Ward, late superintendent of Saint Paul's A. M. E. S. S, took place Sunday evening, Oct. 14th, ot 2 o'clock, at the church, 8th St. bet. D and E Sts., S. W.
The following program was rendered:
Singing by the school; prayer by the pastor, Rev. W. R. Arnold; singing; opening address on the part of the school, Miss E. V. Campbell; Mr. Henry Johnson, ex-trustee of Washington and Georgetown addressed the school; singing; address by Mr. G. H. Newmon Sr., in behalf of the Sons of Levi; singing. the oration of the occasion, by Mr. Lewis A. Cornish, superintendent of Israel C. M. E. S. S.; singing; Dr. O. F. Presbry, of the Sunday School Union of the District of Columbia, addressed the audience; singing; benediction by the pastor.

COMMITTEE: Mr. Ed Chase, chairman, Miss E. V. Campbell, Mr. R. W. Beverly, Mr. J. J. W. Butcher, superintendent.

—Great Missionary Rally at Asbury to-morrow. Prayer meeting from 5.30 to 7.00. Experience meeting from 9·30 to 10.45. Sermon at 11 A. M. by Rev. P. G. Walker. Female prayer meeting at 2.30 P. M. At 3 P. M. Rev. W. H. Draper of Central holds forth, and Rev. D. Aquilla of John Wesley M. E. will be present with his congregation. At night Rev. W. R. Arnold of St. Paul, speaks. The famous choir of Asbury will furnish delightful music, and all are requested to contribute liberally.

Left over from last week.

—The death of Mrs. Priscilla Hickman beloved wife of Mr. Anthony Hickman, has removed from our midst one who was highly esteemed for her domestic and social virtues.

The deceased was married March 28, 1837, by Rev. Robt. T. Nix, an Episcopal clergymen. She was the mother of eight children, five of whom John L., James H., Wm. Thos,, Mrs. Desda Palmer, and Miss Rhoda Hickman, survive her.

After a married life of uninterrupted happiness of more than forty-six years, and a christian experience of more than fifty years, she died after a brief illness of four days, in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

Her remains were interred last Sunday at the Harmonial Cometry. Rev. Carroll officiated.

—The quarterly review at Mt. Pisgah S. S. last Sunday night was very successful. Besides the review of the lessons of the uarter and approonate recitations, which were very excellent, there were able addresses by Messrs. T. M. Dent, and J. W. Ewing, and a few complimentary remarks by I. A. Normand. Miss Mattie Bowen, read a very suggestive essay entitled "Notes by the way."

Under the ministration of Rev. Upshaw and the superintendence of Mr. Oliver, this Sunday School is more than regaining its former prestige.

—Officers of Eastern Star Lodge, No. 1028, G. U. O. of O. F. elected and installed for the ensuing term, Oct. 1, 1883.

P. N. F. M. V. P., J. N. Mayne; N. F., J. A. Bostic; P. N. G., Clement Dorsey; N. G., W. P. Hall; V. G., S. L. Gill; E. S., Alex. Burgess; P. G. M. V. P., Jno. F. N. Wilkinson; Treas. P. N. F., Wm. Joice; Chaplain P. G. M., J. Ross Davis; Judge Advocate, P. G. M., J. W. Hunter; I. G., Granderson Price; warden, Jas. D. Burke; R. S. to N. G. D., Albert Dabney; R. S., V. G., J. H. Saunders; L. S., V. G., Miles Winston.

PERSONAL.

Dr. A. H. Darnes of Jacksonville, Fla., who received his degree of M. D. at Howard University, is meeting with more than marked success in his profession. He was recently placed in charge of all the cases of small-pox inside of the county hospital, by the county commissioners.

In spite of the poverty and inexperience against which he had to contend, he saved seventy-five per cent of his cases, while the white physicians in the hospital lost seventy-five per cent of theirs.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

THE DRILL AT ATHELETIC PARK FOR THE BOTELER CUP.

THE CADETS WIN

About twenty-five hundred people, three-fourths of whom were colored, gathered at Athletic Park this afternoon to witness a competitive drill between the five colored companies of this District. There has been much rivalry between these companies as to which was the best drilled, and as a means of settling the question Mr. John W. Boteler offered a handsome and costly military cup as a prize. Previous to the drill the companies paraded the principal avenues, followed by a large crowd. At 3.15 the drill began, Col. J. O. P. Burnside of the National Rifles; Capt. Burton Ross, of the Washington Light Infantry, and Capt. S. E. Tomason, of the Union Vetran Corps, acting as judges. Messrs. W. A. West and J. B. Johnson officiated as timers. Each company was required to have thirty-two men in line and each were given thirty minutes to go through the manual of arms and the marching movements. The companies drew lots to drill as follows: First, Butler Zouaves, Major Charles B. Fisher, commanding; second, Company C, Capital City Guare, Capt. W. P. Gray; third, Company A, Capital City Guard, Capt. Thomas S. Kelly; fourth, Lincoln Light Infantry, Capt. William Cornell; Fifth, Washington Cadets, Capt. C. A. Fleetwood. The result was that the cup was awarded to the Washington Cadets.

The order of excellence was as follows; Cadets, No. 1; Capital City Guard, Co. A, No. 2; Co. B, No. 3; Lincoln Light Infantry, No. 4; Butler Zouaves, No. 5.

At night the Cadets had a hop at Green's Hall.

NOTES.

Blessed be Boteler!

The colored troops drilled nobly.

Mistakes by the officers counted like those by the men.

The choice of places was decidedly fortunate for the Cadets.

Co. B would have won the second place, but for the mistakes of their officers.

Lincoln Light Infantry has made marked improvement both in their drill and company movements.

Capt. George M. Matthews of Baltimore, was on the grounds, an interested spectator.

Hon. Frederick Douglass, Prof. Greener and Messrs. CharlesR. and Lewis H. Douglass, and T. Thos. Fortune the editor of the *N. Y. Globe*, were on the grand-stand.

Some talk was indulged in, to the effect that the Cadets had Co. A, had white drill masters, and therefore were not as much entitled to credit as Co. B. They forgot the scriptural injunction, "Run ye that you may obtain"—the prize, of course.

As a matter of fact, the officers of the companies had from the first decided that no colored officer of their acquaintance was a competent judge. Is it strange then that some carried this theory into practice, and endeavored to get the best instructor regardless of color? While a white private drilled "the Cadets" in the manual of arms, their own orderly trained them in the facings, and their own captain C. A. Fleetwoow, drilled them in the company movements.

WEST END NEWS.

Our citizens are especially pleased with the fine display made by the Lincoln Light Infantry, Capt. Wm. Cornell, last Monday. They propose to give them a grand benefit. A meeting was held Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. R. D. Ruffin, composed of the honorary members, to determine what the eatertiaament shall consist of, and when best to hold it. It was determined to select a committee of forty, half of whom to be ladies to solicit from from the public. Their names will be presented in our next, they decided to commence it about the 15th of Nov. and continue it from two or three weeks.

The third Sunday School convention of the Washington District Annual Conference of the M. E. Church commenced its annual session in Mt. Zion M. E. Church the 16th inst., at 7,30 P. M., with an able sermon by the Rev. John A. Holmes the devotional exercises was conducted Wednesday by the Rev. N. Watkins. After the organization and regular routine of business. An interesting sermon was delivered by Rev. M. C. Price.

The welcome address was delivered by Rev. A. Dennis, the pastor on the behalf of his church, and the citizens generally. It was appropraitely responded to by Rev. Geo. T. Pinckney of the Ebenezer M. E. Chuch, Capitol Hill.

The topic for general discussion was claiming the attention which brought forth able and spendid debates, was, why is it we do not have more conversions in our Sunday schools. It was opened by Mr. Joseph N. Williams of Mt. Zion Sunday School. Second discussion: How can we best train teachers for the Sunday School work; by Mr. James H. Chestnut of Asbury Sunday School, who made an able argument in setting forth the ways and means.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
October 16, 1883.

Mr. Brooks,

SIR:—Your letter dated Oct. 3d containing the action of the "Committee on Teachers," and the request for my resignation reached me Oct. 12th.

You will please say, in reply to the "Committee on Teachers," that, as I have been suspended by the trustees of the 7th division, Mr. John H. Brooks, upon the false, malicious, unsustained and unproven charges of Julia A. Powell,

I decline to resign my position as teacher in the public schools of Washington.

Very respectfully.

ANNIE M. BOSTON.

HOW GLASS EYES ARE MADE.—Glass eyes, as now made, consist of two distinct shells, the exterior and the interior or lining, which is fed to the eye stump. The end of a hollow tube of crystal is heated and blown into a ball, which is colored to imitate the white of the eye with enamels applied while the glass is still in a vitreous paste. The imition is exact. The workman makes the clear white, bilious or bloodshot, in exact accordance with the other. A round hole is then made in the center to receive the globe of the eye. In making this glass the iris is first formed out of several amalgamated enamels. In the center the pupil is fixed in black enamel and finished with the delicate tracery of those fine fibers and in the natural eye. The eye globe is then soldered into the exterior shell and the optic is finished.

Jack (aged 4, during a walk:) "What becomes of people when they die?" Mamma: "They turn to dust, dear." Jack: "What a lot of pole there must be on this road, then."

A precious boy of 6 years, listening wearily to a long-winded tale related by a prosy relative, took advantage to say, slyly: I wish that story I been brought out in numbers!"

"Little baby is very ill, Charley; I am afraid he is going to die." "Well, if he does die, mamma, won't go to the bad place." "Why, Chay, how can you know that?" "Oh, I know I can't, mamma, he's got no teeth to grin."

"Very intellect boy, that of yours, Mr. Goggins; I shid like to examine his head." Proud father: "Johnny, what bumps have you got?" "He got the bump that Billy Hopkins gave on the nose, but I'm laying for him ther."

"Did you break the window, boy?" said the grocer, catching hold of the fleeing urchin. "Yes, sir." "What d'ye mean, then, by running off in that manner?" "Please, sir, I was running home to get the money. I was 'fraid if I did run quick I might forget."

Jerusalem, according to British consular reports, is a growing town. The foreign Hebrew population has increased considerably of late years. That community is now (1881) estimated at 15,000, including native Jews, against 7,000 in 1873. The desire to avoid compulsory military service, now enforced in most European countries, and the right of holding real property in Turkey, conceded to foreign subjects by the protocol of 1868, largely account for the increased immigration. The German colony at Jerusalem now numbers nearly 400 persons; that at Jaffa about 300. There is a third German settlement at Caiffa of about equal number with the last mentioned. The settlers are mechanics, artificers, carriers and agriculturists, and are fairly prosperous. The chief industries remain what they were—the manufacture of oil, soap and articles in olive wood and mother-of-pearl; the production of the latter articles has greatly increased, the sale is no longer confined to visiting pilgrims, large quantities being exported to Europe and America.

Insects, although possessing no voice, possess the power of creating sounds by certain movements which to some extent are characteristic of various species. The shrill trumpet sound of the mosquito and the busy hum of bee flies are produced by the rapid motion of the wings while flying. The harsh shriek of the grasshopper is caused by friction of the legs against the wings. The chirp of the cricket is produced by rubbing the wing cases against each other. The ominous click of the "death watch" is caused by the jaws in the act of masticating.

A BLESSED DAY.—What a blessed day is Sunday to a man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week, who is far off in the morning while little eyes are closed in slumber, nor back at night till they are again sealed in sleep. What would he know of the children for whom he toils, were it not for the blessed breathing respite of Sunday? What honest workingman's child will ever forget this day, when clean and neat, it is his privilege to climb on father's knee, and tell him of all the news which goes to make up his narrow little world. "Narrow," did we say? We recall the word, for it widens out into the bondless ocean of eternity. Sunday is for the working man's children. So would we have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure, home influences, when the little band, quite complete, shall rest from labor, and love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

THE FRENCH SUNDAY.—Sunday in France, instead of being universally given up to mere sensuous gratification or idleness, is devoted by vast numbers to some of the most laborious and philanthropic objects. Since the inauguration of the republic, a real apostolate of instruction may be said to have originated throughout the country; and le conference populaire, or Sunday afternoon lecture, has become a regular thing in most of the large towns, though it has the strongest hold in Paris. This method of promoting intelligence was a part of the plan of popular education suggested by Condoreci, who realized that the time was at hand when Danton's famous formula would be thus changed on the lips of the true republican: "De l'instruction, encore de l'instruction, toujours de l'instruction!"

The sea fisheries of Europe are said to employ a quarter of a million of people.

Boston has seven colored lawyers, six of whom are in active practice, one of them being a graduate of the Harvard law-school.

Any business which is not injurious to the public welfare is honorable. So no man should be ashamed of an honorable calling.

There are 97,000 miles of sub-marine cable, which would stretch almost four times around the earth at the equator.

A century hence the United States will contain a population of one thousand millions, more or less, if the ratio of increase of inhabitants should be as great as during the last century.

In the middle ages cats, once the object of veneration in Egypt, were in France looked upon as satanic agents, and were buried alive. In Paris every St. John's day a number of the abhorred animals were heaped up in baskets and bags in the Place de Greve, to afford an auto-da-fe, the sovereign himself setting fire to the pile.

CROUP PREVENTIVE.—First get a piece of chamois skin, make it like a little bib, cut out the neck and sew on tapes to tie it on with; then melt together some tallow and pine tar; rub some of this on the bib, and let the child wear it all the time. Renew with the tar occasionally.

—The regular session of the Howard University Evening School, will be resumed Oct., 1st, '83. An excellent opportunity to enjoy the advantages of the University is thus offered to those who may be engaged during the day. For particulars, Apply to C. C. Johnson at the University. 3t.

FOR RENT.—Two desirable communicating rooms, 2d floor. Furnished or unfirnished, with or without board, use of bath. New brick-house. Also one back parlor. Reference required. For terms, please apply to N. A. Hall, S. W. corner 8th and D sts., N. W., or on premises, 1630 11th st. N. W.
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The Ladies of the Berean Baptist Church will give their Annual Supper on Thursday evening November 29, in their Church, 18th St. bet. L and M Sts., N. W. Tickets, 50 cents.
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STRIKE NOW.

There's nothing m[ore] thou canst command,
The past has gone [beyond] thy hand,
Withdraw a bro[ken] vow.
Thy cloaking moment [is] not thine;
Life stands between, a narrow line,
Strike while the iron's hot—strike now.

Now is the time to do the deed,
Now the time to uproot the weed,
Act, not pause to enquire how;
Each passing moment chills the glow,
Good forging twins the thought and blow,
Strike while the iron's hot—strike now.

Plan as we will, strike as we may,
All power, hope, growth from day to day,
To the crushing now must bow.
Results of reason, feeling, tact,
All are sunrise, the now but fact.
Strike while the iron's hot—strike now

Greatness the now has always won,
Well sowed, that this is all the sum
Of life, who can disavow?
Work in the now from first to last,
'Tis always with you, never past.
Strike while the iron's hot—strike now.

Santa Fe.

ONE OF THE SLEEPIEST PLACES IN THE KNOWN WORLD.

I used to think Fernandina was the sleepiest place in the world, but that was before I had seen Santa Fe. The drowsy old town, lying in a sandy valley inclosed on three sides by mountain walls, is built of adobes laid in one-story houses and resembles an extensive brick-yard, with scattered, sunburnt kilns ready for the fire. The approach in midwinter, when snow, deep on the mountains, rests in ragged patches on the red soil of New Mexico, is to the last degree disheartening to the traveler entering narrow streets which appear mere lanes. Yet dirty and unkempt, swarming with hungry dogs, it has the charm of foreign flavor, and, like San Antonio, retains some portion of the grace which long lingers about, if, indeed, it ever forsakes, the spot where Spain has held rule for centuries, and soft syllables of the Spanish tongue are yet heard. It was a primeval stronghold before the Spanish conquest, and a town of some importance to the white race when Pennsylvania was a wilderness and the first Dutch Governor was slowly drilling the Knickerbocker ancestry in the difficult evolution of marching round the town pump. Once the capital and center of the Peublo kingdom, it is rich in historic interest, and the archives of the Territory, kept, or rather neglected, in the old Plaelo del Gobernador, where I write, hold treasure well worth the seeking of student and antiquary. The building itself has a history full of pathos and striking incident as the ancient fort of St. Augustine, and is older than that venerable pile. It had been the palace of the Pueblos immemorially before the holy name of Santa Fe was given in baptism of blood by the Spanish conquerors; place of the Mexicans after they broke away from the crown, and palace ever since its occupation by El Gringo. In the stormy scenes of the seventeenth century it withstood several sieges; was repeatedly lost and won, as the white man or the red held the victory. Who shall say how many and how dark the crimes hidden within these dreary earthen walls?

Farmers' Accounts.

There are probably no class of men, says the New York *Observer*, who live more stoictly according to their means, and who more uniformly make both ends meet at the close of the year, than farmers. But there are comparitively few who are as strict in keeping their accounts as those who are engaged in mercantile or mechanical business. And yet there is no reason why they should not be as systematical in recording their incomes and their outgoes as any others. As one of the least weighty considerations, it would afford an interesting occupation for occasional leisure moments and an interesting matter of review at the close of a season or of the year. But in an economical point of view the advantage would be much greater. If every one who has a farm or a garden were to put down the amount of his expenses from day to day, but separately, what he expends upon a particular crop, or upon a particular field or tract of land, be it large or small, and on the opposite side of the balance sheet the returns in product and in money of what he raises; and if this was done in connection with every crop and each one of his fields separately, it would enable him at a glance to determine on what portions of his place, or on what particular crops, he could lay out his money and his labor to the greatest pecuniary advantage.

One of the chief hindrances to success in any branch of business is a want of system, and keeping an accurate account of expenditures and receipts would at once be followed by systematic results. The winter season is a good time for each one to lay his plans in this respect, to prepare his books, and so be prepared for a more systematic prosecution of the work of the year. Those who have adopted the plan of keeping the most minute record of all their operations, have found it to be not only a source of great satisfaction, but of great profit, and we recommend the plan to all, whether their business is on a large or a small scale.

TEACH CHILDREN TO READ WRITING.—Suppose our boys and girls were taught to read manuscript a little? They are taught to read print, but manuscript is not print, or very like it, and they are left to pick up the power of reading the best way they can; they never devote half an hour a day for six months to manuscript reading. If they did, it would be easier to them all their lives, and they would learn to believe in legibility as the greatest, or, at any rate, the most useful, quality that writing can display—an immense improvement, if our experience can be trusted, in the usal youthful idea on the subject. The business of life, no doubt, soon teaches children to read manuscript, but many of them never read it easily, and retain through life an unconquerable aversion to the work, from the fatigue and vexation which it causes them. We have known men so conscious of this defect that they always have important letters read aloud to them; and others who would refuse any work, however anxious on other grounds to accept it, if it involved the frequent perusal of long manuscripts in varied handwritings. No doubt the tendency to a broad and course, but beautifully legible, handwriting, which has conquered the upper class and is slowly filtering downwards, is diminishing this reluctance, but it would be more rapidly removed if a little trouble were taken to teach children to read handwriting. They hardly see any till they begin to receive correspondence, and are never compelled to read any, and consequently learn to write what they cannot read without intelligence and without pleasure.

Bear in mind the fact that in the year 1900 February will have but twenty-eight days, although a leap year. This phenomenon occurs once only in two hundred years, and always in the odd hundred.

Water in Soap.

A rather striking assertion is made by a German publication on the somewhat unsensational topic of soap. Every housekeeper knows the advantage of allowing her stock of soap to dry thoroughly before using it, though very few probably ever think of noticing the difference the process of drying makes in the weight of their stock. They can hardly be very much astonished to hear, however, that there are manufacturers who designedly make their soap retain as much water as possible in order to increase the weight. The difficulty in the way of this deception is, of course, that unless got quickly off their hands the soap dries and the advantage is lost. Scientific rogery, however, seems to have been equal to this difficulty, and, we are told, has found a chemical which may be mixed with the soap and will hold the excess of water. The authority we are quoting asserts that there are articles in the market containing no less than 75 per cent. of water, so that a person who should buy a pound of this precious compound would get four ounces of solid matter representing the soap and twelve ounces of water. This article, it is added, cannot in the ordinary way be distinguished from soap containing only 12 per cent. of water. The good joke of taking two jugs, one for the milk and the other for the water, seems to be capable of considerably more extensive application if properly modified. Water, however, is not the only adulterant used. Starch, chalk, gypsum, barytes, and several other things were found in analyzed specimens of soaps, more especially in those manufactured in Berlin. These charges, indeed, all refer to German manufactures. They suggest, however, just the possibility that soaps not manufactured in Germany might be analyzed occasionally without doing much injury to anybody who deals fairly, and with decided advantage to buyers, many of who under the best of circumstances, are not likely to get too much soap.

Cheerfulness.

Of all their surface qualities—I use the word "surface" not as excluding "substance," but rather implying it—none is more noteworthy among the Japanese than their cheerfulness at work. It is a quality shared by all classes and common to all employments. The Japanese statesman dictates a dispatch or discusses a Cabinet question with a smile on his face; the financier, more astonishing yet, smiles over the intricacies of a deficient budget; the preacher smiles during every pause in his sermon; the writer smiles at his desk; the shop-keeper smiles while chaffing with his customer, the servant on receiving his master's orders, the smith while forging the metal, the potter manipulating the clay, the husbandman as he wades knee-deep in mud across the rice-fields, the bargeman propelling his clumsy boat against wind and tide, the coolie straining to lift the heaviest load, nay, even the convict at his forced labor at the roadside. And what is more, a very slight occasion will broaden the smile into a hearty laugh. All this is true and genuine good humor, based firstly, no doubt, on a good digestion, but also on a remarkably elastic temperament, great courage, and the sound good sense that everywhere and everyhow makes the best of things. Had Mark Tapley been somewhat more of a gentleman in manners he might have passed for an average Japanese.

Temporary Deafness.

According to Dr. H. Augustus Wilson, a very common case of deafness is the hardening of wax in the ear and the unscientific plan that people adopt for its removal. They generally succeed in making a bad matter worse. The ear is not so exquisitively sensitive to the presence of foreign matter as the eye, and hence those who work at the ears with hair pins and toothpicks are likely to injure themselves irreparably. Only the softest materials and the gentlest pressure should be used in cleaning the ear. In a recent clinical lecture, Dr. Wilson gives, in popular form, some very useful and practical information touching the removal of ear-wax. If the ticking of a watch can be heard at the distance of twenty-eight inches the hearing is good. Each ear should be tested by the watch separately. Noises in the head, sometimes ringing, frequently are due to hardened wax in the ear. Sudden deafness is sometmes caused as follows: A small mass of wax, from ill-health or uncleanliness, becomes hard. A continued secretion of wax then blocks up the ear tube still more. An injudicious attempt is then made to remove the wax by introducing, perhaps, a match end, a pin head, or a pen holder which instead of removing pushes down the wax and packs it against the tympanum; or by a sudden draught or the act of swallowing the wax is suddenly pressed upon the membrane, and loss of hearing immediataly ensues, because the membrane can no longer vibrate. The removal of the wax, is in some cases, especially those of long standing, somewhat difficult; but with gentle treatment and patience may finally be accomplished and the hearing fully restored. The best ordinary means for removing wax, when not badly compacted, are half a drachm of sodium carbonate dissolved in an ounce of water, applied lightly, by means of a bit of absorbent cotton or sponge attached to a suitable handle. When the wax is much compacted it may be softened by means of water, quite warm, and a syringe.—*Scientific American.*

The Stage Driver's Story.

"Stranger," said the stage driver, "this is how I found out her speed: I was driving alongside the railroad track just as a big load of hotel furniture started. The freight car wouldn't hold it all, but they managed to squeeze everything in except a long bar mirror, which they tied to the side of the car. The mare saw her reflection in the glass and thought it was another horse spurting for the lead. You couldn't have held her back with a steam windlass. She just laid back her ears and snorted along like a twenty-inch shell. The passengers all began to get excited. They rushed out on the platforms and began to make bets. The conductor stood up on a seat and began to sell pools. The engineer pulled the throttle-valve wide open and tore along at ninety-five miles an hour. Soon the mare was abreast of the cow catcher. At San Bruno we had half a mile the lead. Near the six mile house the train was so much ahead of time that it fell through an open draw and everlastingly smashed up—seventy-seven killed and 199 wounded. It was pretty rough on the passengers, but then we distanced the train, bet yer life. About a month after I sold that mare to the present owner for $60,000."

Longfellow can take a sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth $50. That's genius. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a similar sheet, and make it worth $50,000,000. That's capital.

Home-Made Sickness.

Were it not that the human constitution has an enduring quality compared with which the toughness of the mule is sweet infantile tenderness, the atmosphere of the average city home in cold weather would make the city lively with funeral processions. A visitor needs merely to pass the front doors of most houses to discover odors that do not seem traceable to any particular article, yet which have an oppressive effect upon respiration; sometimes a similar effect is experienced where no odor is perceptible. Occasionally the residents of a house, returning from church, theater or party notice this peculiarity of the atmosphere, and promptly say all sorts of bad things about the plumber, who probably deserves them all, but no one seems to think that the air of the house should be changed once in a while during the winter. The air of an unoccupied house, with no connection whatsover with the sewers or other sources of disease, is utterly unfit to breathe, for it is continually being robbed of its oxygen by carpets, furniture, floors, walls and everything else that is susceptible to decay. What, then, must be the condition of the atmosphere of a house where half a dozen people and an equal number of gas burners or lamps are daily assisting at the work of deoxygenating the air and loading it with impurities? There are many houses in which people who are cold would be warmed quicker by leaving a window open for two minutes than by hugging the fire, for impure air greatly lessens physical warmth. But who ever sees a window open in New York, even for a minute, unless for the purpose of being washed? Continuous ventilation is never thought of by more than one builder in a hundred, so but few people can hope always to breathe pure air indoors in cold weather. An occasional opening of doors or windows throughout the day, however the work being done most thoroughly just before bedtime, would put an end to thousands of cases of sickness and debility that come from no cause but impure air.—*New York Herald.*

The Arctic Night.

Lieut. Schwatka, since his return from an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated company, combats the prevalent opinion that the Arctic winter, especially in the higher latitudes, is a period of total darkness. In latitude 83 degrees 20 minutes 20 seconds north—the highest point ever reached by man—there are four hours and forty two minutes of twilight on Dec. 22, the shortest day in the year in the Northern Hemisphere. In latitude 82 degrees 27 minutes north the highest point where white men have wintered—there are six hours and two minutes in the shortest day; and latitude 84 degrees 27 minutes north, 172 geographical miles nearer the north pole than Markham reached, and 328 geographical miles from that point, must yet be obtained before the true Plutonic zone, or that one in which there is no twilight whatsoever, even upon the shortest day of the year, can be said to have been entered by man. Of course, about the the beginning and ending of this twilight it is very feeble and easily extinguished by even the slightest mists, but it nevertheless exists, and is quite appreciable on clear cold days, or nights properly speaking. The north pole itself is only shrouded in perfect darkness from Nov. 12 to Jan 29, a period of seventy-seven days. Supposing that the sun has set (supposing a circumpolar sea or body of water unlimited to vision) on Sep. 24, not to rise until March 18 for that particular point, giving a period of about fifty days of uniformly varying twilight, the pole has about 188 days of continuous daylight, 100 days of varying twilight, and seventy-seven of perfect inky darkness (save when the moon has a northern declination) the period of a typical year. During a period of a little over four days the sun rises continuously on both the north and south poles at the same time, owing to refraction parallax, semidiameter and dip of the horizon.

Something about Babies.

According to a Yorkshire notion, a newborn infant should be laid in the arms of a maiden before any one touches it; and in some places the infant's right hand is left unwashed in order that he may gather riches. It is, too, considered very important by many that an infant should go up in the world before it goes down. Thus in Cleaveland, says Mr. Henderson, if a child should be born in the top story of a house for want of a flight of stairs one of the gossips will take it in her arms and mount a table, chair, or chest of drawers before she carries it down stairs.

In the north of England, when an infant for the first time goes out of the house, it is presented with an egg, some salt and a little loaf of bread, and occasionally with a small piece of money—these gifts being supposed to insure that the child shall never stand in need of the common necessaries of life. In the East Riding of Yorkshire a few matches are added to light the child to heaven.

It was, too, in former times, customary, and the practice is not yet obselete, to provide a large cheese and cake, and cut them at the birth of the child. These were called "the groaning cake and cheese," and were distributed among all the neighbors.

In Yorkshire this cake is termed the "pepper cake" and in some localities the "sickening cake." It is the source of a species of divination, for being cut into small pieces by the medical man, it is divided among the the unmarried of the female sex, under the name of "dreaming bread." Each one takes a piece, places it in the foot of the left stocking, and throws it over the left shoulder. This being done, they must retire to bed backward, without uttering a word, and those who are lucky enough to fall asleep before midnight are favored with a sight of their future husband in their dreams.

A Game for Winter Evenings.

Although this specimem of poetry has been considered hard to write, and often harder to read when written, a simple recipe is here given by which sonnets can be produced. One person selects a sonnet from the work of any author—the less known the better—and covers the printed lines with a sheet of paper, leaving the last word of each line only visible. He then reads aloud the word which concludes the first line, and waits until every player has composed a line ending in this word in any metre, and on any subject. When all are ready he reads the next word, and so on until every person present has composed a poem, all of which differ in every way excepting that the last words are alike. This game will be found interesting alike to children and their parents, and is well worthy the attention of the most experienced players.

The base drum player makes more noise than anybody else, but he doesn't lead the band. There is a moral to this.

Intellect.

Few of us ever stop to thank the Creator of all things for that glorious and divine gift, intellect. Those inclined to think at all must contemplate, almost with a feeling of veneration, the immense power of the human brain. The grand and lofty aspirations, the perpetual looking after higher and better things it engenders! How quickly the man who is more than ordinarily well endowed intellectually will feel the necessity of rising above the average standard of excellence, no matter what his condition in life, and strive to soar to realms unknown to his less fortunate brothers. How quickly the intellectual man makes his power felt! How surely he leads those around him by the force of his intellect for good or evil! Intellect becomes a blessing to all mankind if rightly applied, but if perverted it becomes an evil.

Although God has endowed all perfect human beings with (intellect, yet he has given to some more than to others. It is of those highly endowed we wish to speak, as they, in a great degree, hold in their hands the weal or woe of nations, as well as of individual beings.

It seems to be beyond doubt that the intellectual wicked man can work more ruin and desolation than one that is not intellectual. Where the one brings all the powers that have been given to him for great and good ends into play to further his wicked designs, the other brings only ignorance and generally brute force. For although all human beings have a knowledge of right and wrong, those of a higher intellectual order are better able to discriminate between the two than those whom God, for a wise purpose, has endowed but sparingly.

An intellectual man will perhaps not often commit such atrocious crimes as a stupid one, yet in many cases will his example invite those easily impressed to follow in his footsteps, for the reason that he is looked up to on account of his intellect, while from the more brutal they shrink in horror.

Sad it is to contemplate that the man, created in God's own image with not even the excuse of ignorance—which at least pardons faults and crimes in a great measure—should be neither able nor willing to practice self-government! That he to whom it is given to rule the Church and the State should so often use his best gift for the attainment of evil ends!

In every community there are persons who by the force of their intellect and energy—for without these a man accomplishes very little—are, so to say, the ruling spirits. We must all feel the power an intellectual spirit wields. We must, if we are not very obtuse indeed, and are generous enough to admit it, realize that the man of talent, provided he has resolution enough to exercise the power indisputably his, rules. What influence, then, must not a talented man produce, whose powers make themselves felt, sometimes through a hemisphere, sometimes through an entire world! What must his power be over one or more individuals with whom he is brought intimately in contact! What care should such a man practice, that in an unguarded moment he does not influence the young for evil.

We all go to an intelligent person—be it man or woman—for advice, listening to their opinions with believing ears. Such persons know everything the young think, and they will for that reason be entirely guided by such an adviser. Who so believing as the young? As we grow toward the age when the most of our beliefs melt into thin air, when we have reached the age where no delusory beliefs can cling, O, then must we not look back and think of the advisers of our early days, how their examples and precepts have influenced our life. A life that we can only live once; a life that to every individual being is everything; a life which one and all can make good and useful by our actions; a life which may carry sunshine into many a home, and brighten many a heart to whom the word home is unknown. It should be, then, the task of all who influence to any degree their fellow beings, to see that they can never be reproached for advice wrongly bestowed, for influence wrongly exerted.

In our earliest days we are told by our seniors, "Wait until you are as old as I am, and you will believe think and judge differently." From our riddle we are informed that "Life is but an empty dream." Those who have passed beyond the bright season where "all that glitters" does seem like the unalloyed gold look with a sort of contemptuous pity on those whose life seems to spread out before them, whose future seems illumed with brightness, whose hopes are resplored.

All illusions must vanish, that we know. There are different ways in which they die. One way we call the natural way, for nature has ordained the death. They cannot give so much pain. But the other way, the way they often die—when in the midst of belief there is suddenly torn from the eyes, and we perceive that that which we took to be diamonds is but paste.

It is left for those whose intellect governs the lives of others a great measure, to be careful that no false opinions, no false beliefs mar the lives of these. No one so fit for greatness as whom God has gifted highly. Who, make good use of his talents, shall be a guiding light, inviting others to follow, as near as they may, in his footsteps. To be prenced by those who come in contact with him. A pure intellectual man or woman who will not be better for having known him? People sometimes hardly realize what influence they exert, or they forget their way of thinking, speaking and action affect others.

Very often the intellectual individual does not know the power he posseses in so great a degree, until he wakes suddenly, as if from a stupor to find his opinions, his examples, his acts have moulded the heart and brain of one or more individuals. We all judge by comparison. Good, Better, Best. We all do, if we do not all attain, the last. Can all be good, it is given to a few to be great. Who, then, so honored by the king and old! To be beloved by all during life, and mourned after death has left nothing but the dust of what was once a grand glorious soul.

Domestises for Ferrets.

The country suffers the loss of millions of dollars annually by the ravages of rats, when by keeping some ferret farmers could rout the last one of the pests from their premises. Ferrets are similar to the weasel in habits and size, but they have been domesticated used for expelling rats in England for centuries. Mine are white, very small in size and so tame that I can call them to me and handle them as I please. If nursery maids be bothered with rabbits lurking about among their trees, with a ferret they can catch the last one. No matter where the burrow, the little fellows will start them in no time. If I can find where a rabbits taken to a hole in the ground, I place a sack over the hole, let in the ferret, in less time than it takes to tell it the rabbit is in the sack.—*Springfield (O.) Pa*

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